

# The Star of Pascagoula.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

VOL. 2. No. 6 PASCAGOULA, JACKSON CO., MISS., SUNDAY JANUARY 25th, 1874. WHOLE No. 373

**"Absolutely the Best Protection Against Fires"**  
Over 15,000 Actual Fires put out with it.  
MORE THAN

10,000,000,000

THE

**BABCOCK**



**FIRE EXTINGUISHER**

**Babcock Self Acting Fire Engine,**  
For City Town and Village Use.



It is more effective than the Steam Fire Engine, because it is instantaneous and ready, and throws a powerful stream of carbonic acid gas, and water for any length of time.  
It is the best and cheapest Fire Engine in the world, and comes within the financial ability of every place.  
It does not require an expensive system of water works, and is never out of repair. Send For Their Record.

**"SATURDAY NIGHT" For 1873.**  
The Choicest and Most Interesting of all the Weeklies. Specimen Copies Sent Free. Send for One and Judge for Yourself.  
"Saturday Night" is read by over Ten Hundred Thousand people every week, the largest circulation of any weekly paper published in the United States. This is the best proof of its popularity. All the old and familiar writers have been reengaged, besides a large corps of new ones.

"Saturday Night" for 1873 will be the best volume we have published.  
In Volume IX were published: 22 Long stories by the best writers money can procure; 46 Short Stories and 150 Poems; 25 Columns of Items for Ladies; 40 Columns of Latest Fashions, written in the most comprehensive style; 36 Columns of Items of General Interest; 38 Columns of Short Stories and Editorials; 28 Columns of Wit and Humorous Paragraphs; 70 Columns of Answers to Correspondents. Making a total of Over Two Thousand large columns of the best family reading ever published in serial form equal to four or five volumes of the popular monthly magazines, and if published in book form would make a very fine bound volume that would sell for Two Dollars each.  
\$2.00 worth of Reading for only Three Dollars! The purity and moral tone of "Saturday Night" is of the highest order. Nothing that can be the least offensive to religious or political belief of any one will be allowed to appear in its pages.  
Subscription Price for One Year, 22 Numbers, is only \$2.00 for Six Months, 12 Numbers, is only \$1.00. Special Terms to Postmasters: Send us last year's Address, and we will send you a copy of "Saturday Night" free of charge.

**KIMBALL, RAYMOND & CO.**  
PUBLISHERS OF "PILOT,"  
And State Printers.



Let me call your particular attention to my celebrated

**Sarsaparilla Bitter.**  
Of the finest medicinal properties, endorsed by the Medical Faculty in Mobile. Spirit pure as French Brandy, deliciously cordial, tonic, alterative and preventive of malaria. Every family, bar room and saloon should have it. It is the best of Western and other Bitters.

As a consequence of great demand, every whole-sale Grocer and Druggist buy largely and sell rapidly. The price is always low, and it is literally "everybody's medicine."  
The Sarsaparilla is the great favorite tonic with the general sex, and children and invalids improve rapidly under its influence. Popular with all classes at home and abroad, it is literally "everybody's medicine."  
I sell only the Trade, not less than 25 cases. It can be had in quantities to suit, of all Grocers and Druggists in Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia.  
W. H. KENNEDY & CO.,  
FREDERICKS & HART, New Orleans.  
R. F. GEORGE & CO., Galveston.  
DR. JOS. TUCKER, Proprietor, Mobile, Alabama.

**DR. N. LAMBERT,**  
Pharmacist and Chemist,  
PASCAGOULA, MISS.

To be found DAY or NIGHT at his office on the corner of the country road, near the Depot.  
American, French and German prescriptions carefully put up in accordance with their respective Pharmacopoeias. Jan 25/74

**GEO. & C. H. WOOD,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
Miss.  
Office in Court House at the Depot—Office hours from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., Tuesdays and Fridays.

## THE YAZOO TRAGEDY.

MORGAN'S GUILTY FULLY ESTABLISHED.

(From the Yazoo Herald.)

The Yazoo Democrat of Tuesday contains six columns and a half concerning the recent bloody tragedy at the Courthouse, of which the readers of the Herald have been already advised through our special correspondence. From the Democrat's account and the result of the investigation, we make the following extracts, reserving the evidence for the defense until to-morrow.

On Monday night about 10 P. M. Morgan presented his bond to the acting Sheriff, J. M. Dickson, Esq., by whom it was approved; he then went to Sheriff Hilliard and demanded that the keys, keys, etc., be turned over to him. Col. Hilliard refused to surrender the office until the courts had decided that the late election was constitutional. On Tuesday, Col. Morgan appeared before the newly elected Board of Supervisors, claiming recognition as sheriff, and was recognized as such by that body. Col. Hilliard still declined taking the responsibility of surrendering the office until the constitutionality of the election.

At an early hour on Thursday morning Col. Morgan forcibly took possession, ejecting Col. Hilliard's deputy, Mr. Dyer. About 8 o'clock Col. Hilliard appeared at the Courthouse, with a posse of unarmed citizens. He attempted an entrance into the office, when firing commenced, and he was shot down, dying in about three hours afterward. The particulars are given below. Col. A. T. Morgan was then arrested upon an affidavit, charging him with killing and murdering Col. F. P. Hilliard. The case was taken before Mayor Battaile, when an examination was waived, and the Mayor ordered him committed without bail. A writ of Habeas corpus was then issued, and the case taken before Chancellor Drennan. The examination of witnesses commenced on Friday, and was continued Saturday and Monday.

**TESTIMONY FOR THE PROSECUTION.**  
Judge Hudson testified that about 8 o'clock on the morning of the difficulty, he was in Nannemacher's restaurant; Col. Hilliard entered, and said that Col. Morgan had taken forcible possession of the sheriff's office, and asked me what he should do; he said that there was a large amount of public funds in the safe in the office—tax collections—for which he had not accounted, as well as a number of private papers. I told him that I thought he had better take with him a few respectable citizens, go to Col. Morgan and remonstrate with him; that Col. Morgan would certainly understand that he had not taken the right course to prove his right to the office. Mr. Hilliard then went out and I saw him just afterward going up the street toward the Courthouse in company with Mr. Ricard, Mr. Taylor, and one or two others.

Jas. Clarke, Esq., testified that when he went home the night before the disturbance, he met there, Alfred Small; that Small told him Col. Morgan would have possession of the sheriff's office next morning if BLOOD HAD TO BE SPILLED.

Small said to him, "somebody will get shot." Clark replied, "it may be Morgan as well as Hilliard." Small said, "no, it won't be Morgan; there are special men to be shot at."

A. M. Taylor sworn: I was at the Courthouse in Yazoo City yesterday between seven and eight o'clock. Was summoned there by Sheriff Hilliard. As we came up, and about half way between Collins' livery stable and the Courthouse, Col. Morgan met us and said to Mr. Hilliard, "I want you to keep away from the Courthouse; I am sheriff of this county." Mr. Hilliard still went on, Col. Morgan following in our rear. I stopped inside of the gate at the south entrance to the Courthouse. Col. Morgan went ahead of me and stopped on the steps. Mr. Hilliard entered the Courthouse, and soon after I heard several shots. I then saw Emanuel Stevens run out and stop on the left hand side of the door; Col. Morgan was on the right. Mr. Hilliard came hastily toward the door, in a

**STOOPING POSITION.**  
and apparently attempting to escape from the difficulty. As he approached, Col. Morgan

## LEVISED HIS FISTOL AT HIS HEAD AND FIRED.

and nearly at the same time Emanuel Stevens fired from the left. I did not see Morgan's pistol until he presented it to fire; though I saw it before he fired. At the moment he fired, Col. Hilliard was walking rapidly, as if attempting to get out of the door; I saw no arms in Col. Hilliard's hands. Morgan was standing in the door, Hilliard about three feet from him and advancing toward the door; he was going half bent; it was after several shots had been inside. When Morgan fired, Hilliard turned to the left, and I saw nothing more of him. I saw no one else with arms, except Policeman Turner Green.

My Ricard, who was summoned by Sheriff Hilliard, sworn: I stopped with several at the gate, Mr. Hilliard going in, and Col. Morgan stopping on the steps. I then heard a kicking on the door of the sheriff's office, and immediately several shots. I saw Col. Morgan advance, fire his pistol, and step back; just then I saw Mr. Hilliard advancing in a bending position toward the door, when Col. Morgan again drew his pistol.

FOUNDED IT AT HILLIARD AND FIRED when Hilliard sank down. Hilliard did not instruct me to arm myself; I saw no arms in his possession or with any one with him.

Ed. Mansfield sworn: On our way up, about half way of the square, we met Col. Morgan and Emanuel Stevens. Morgan halted and said, "Gentlemen, I am the sheriff of this county; have possession of the office, and I warn you to keep away from the Courthouse." Col. Hilliard replied, "Col. Morgan, I am the sheriff of Yazoo county. Follow me gentlemen." Col. Hilliard walked very fast, was some distance in advance of the posse when he entered the hall of the Court house. In a few seconds heard a lick or kick as if breaking down a door, heard some one inside exclaim "I'll shoot you, and immediately a pistol was fired; saw Morgan and Stevens returning to the Courthouse, in a run; Stevens entered the hall, Morgan stood at the door, heard six or eight shots inside; was standing about ten feet west of the gate on the outside; the left front door was closed; could not see the firing in the house; saw Col. Morgan shoot from the door, in the direction of the sheriff's office; could not see who he fired at; then saw Col. Hilliard approaching the front door, he was in a stooping position and retreating backward; Stevens came to the door, turned and fired at Hilliard; Morgan raised his pistol and

**FIRED AT COL. HILLIARD'S HEAD.**  
When Col. Hilliard went down; Morgan's pistol was not more than two or three feet from Hilliard's head when he fired.

W. H. Foote sworn: Hilliard opened the door; immediately after the door was opened, there were three shots fired at Hilliard. I saw Frank Stewart and Wm. A. Morgan present their pistols and fire at Hilliard. The third shot was seemingly fired from behind the door. Frank Stewart cocked his pistol, pointed it at Hilliard, I fired at Frank Stewart and he instantly fell on his face to the floor. Emanuel Stevens then fired at me from the door, his ball taking effect in my left arm. I then turned and shot at him, by this time Hilliard ran out of the sheriff's office in the direction of the Courthouse fronting Broadway, Morgan was standing in that door, he pointed his pistol at Hilliard, aiming at his head, and fired his pistol. Hilliard instantly sank to the floor. I then shot at Morgan, Stevens then fired at me and I returned shots at Emanuel. No more shooting occurred in the hall at that time.

A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase him a "fresh" fish. He went to a stall, and, taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might "catch the scent," exclaims, "Hullo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for? The negro replies, 'Me no smell your fish massa.' 'What are you doing then, sir?' 'Why, me talk to 'em massa.' 'And what do you say to the fish, heh?' 'Me ask him what news at sea, dat's all, massa.' 'And what does he say to you?' 'He says he don't know; he no been dere dese tree weeks.'

**Pay your honest debts.**

## Southern Historical Society.

EDITORS OF THE DISPATCH.

The Southern Historical Society seems to be accomplishing its important work in a manner very satisfactory to its friends. A brief summary of its present condition and of its transactions will be of interest to many in this State as well as throughout the South.

On the transfer of the domicile of the Society to Richmond, Hon. Gen. Wythe Munford was appointed Secretary, and an Executive Committee (most of whom reside in Richmond) met promptly for the transaction of business was also appointed.

This committee has made a contract with Turnbull Brothers, of Baltimore, by which the "Southern Magazine" is made the organ of the Society; and the Messrs. Turnbull agree to publish twenty pages monthly free of cost to the Society, and of the "Magazine."

They also agree to print at a moderate rate per page as many pages of "Transactions" as we may desire to publish.

General Wade Hampton has taken immediate charge of the extension of the membership of the society, and has selected prominent gentlemen to aid him in the several Southern States.

The price of a life-membership is \$50. The fee for annual membership is \$3. The subscription price of the "Southern Magazine" is \$4.

Life-members are entitled to the "Magazine" and to all other publications to the Society during life.

Annual members are entitled to all publications not in the "Magazine." All subscribers to the "Magazine" will receive a most excellent monthly periodical, with the Historical Appendix.

The January number will be the first issued under the contract of the Society.

The archives of the society, accumulated in New Orleans during the past six years, have just arrived here, and are now in Colonel Munford's charge. From many sources the materials for history have been offered.

One distinguished gentleman has collected all the reports of battles and skirmishes throughout the war—printed and written—carefully arranged, and amounting to 2,000 octavo pages. Another has offered us the history, carefully compiled, of one corps of the Army of Northern Virginia—in all, 1,000 pages.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee has forwarded the records and order-books, etc., of his corps of the Army of Tennessee.

A gentleman of Richmond has placed with Col. Munford a large amount of material collected and prepared for a history of the war. Besides these important accessions, many others of great interest and value have been placed at our service, which will be duly acknowledged and reported.

It has been proposed by the Executive Committee to cover the whole course of the war by papers from those leading men who bore a controlling part in the great drama, and whose names will be vouchers for the truth of their statements.

Arrangements have also been made by the committee to secure lectures or orations from Southern gentlemen to be delivered in this city throughout the winter.

Our purpose is to keep alive the interest which has been aroused in this great work, and to induce all who can to aid us by becoming members of the Society and by sending us papers of historic value.

We desire every man and woman who can to send us authentic narratives and documents relating to the war.

Fires of newspapers published during the war, scrap-books of newspaper articles clipped and preserved during the war, will be valuable.

We ask for the individual experience of private soldiers, scouts, or any others engaged in the war; and especially do we beg that any man who occupied a responsible place in the service of the Confederacy shall now record and enable us to preserve the history of his administration.

As this statement must be of general interest to the whole of our people, I hope that the Southern newspapers generally will give it free production, and oblige, yours respectfully,

**BARNEY H. MAURY.**

## Barney H. Maury.

Barney, who lives close by our neighbor Church, is a somewhat timid man, and so there have been several

inquiries in our street lately. Barker made an agreement with Chubb that when Barker sprang his rifle at night Chubb should come to his assistance with weapons and dogs. A few nights ago, Barker was detained down town at his lodge until a much later hour than usual, and when he reached home he found, to his dismay, that the servant girl, forgetting that he was out, had locked the door. He rang the bell and thumped on the door in a violent manner for a while but finding that this did not arouse Mrs. Barker, he went round to the yard and tried to break open one of the shutters. In the meantime Mrs. Barker had been awakened, and just as Barker entered the yard she opened the front window, and finding no one at the door she looked out the back window. She was horror-stricken to perceive a man trying to break into the house. She seized the rattle and sprang it out the front window. Barker heard it and guessed the cause, but he thought if he rushed out on the street now he might be shot by a policeman, so, as he had the window nearly open, he concluded to endeavor to try to get safely into the house.

But just as he began to climb in Chubb arrived, and seeing Barker's legs hanging from the window he first emptied a load of bird-shot into them, and then set his two dogs on them. In less than a minute Barker had a dog on each leg, and he came to the ground screaming murder. When Chubb recognized him, he called off the dogs and apologized, but as no amount of explanation could recall those shot and those vigorous dog bites, Barker refused to speak to him, but crawled up stairs to bed, where he is yet. He has intimated to his confidential friends, that while Mr. Chubb undoubtedly is a valuable neighbor in some respects, he infuses into his anti-burglar operations entirely too much sincerity and enthusiasm. [Max Adeler.]

The whites in Halifax county, Virginia, finding after the war that they were greatly outnumbered by the polls by the blacks, were influenced by some of the most intelligent leaders in the Conservative party to adopt a policy which might be advantageously imitated in other parts of the South. Instead of placing themselves in antagonism to the colored people the sensible whites set to work to conciliate them and gain their confidence. In 1869 they nominated for the Legislature two negroes whose views were in accord with their own, and elected them. There is a negro majority of about 1,100 in the county. Since then, by a continuance of the same conciliatory policy, the Conservative whites have been gradually increasing their influence over their colored neighbors until at last this negro county, with its vast preponderance of black voters, has elected to the State Senate Major Ragland, a white conservative, giving him a majority of four hundred and fifty over a carpet-bag by the name of Eddy, who ran against him. The interest of the whites and blacks in the Southern States are identical; the prosperity of the former master is essential to that of the freedman, who depends mainly upon them for employment and subsistence. The whites cannot take too much pains to impress this truth upon the minds of the colored men about them, as they appear to have done successfully in Halifax county. [Meridian Gazette.]

**PROVERBS OF THE BILLINGS' FAMILY.**—Preserved by Joshua Billings. Don't swap with your relations unless you can afford to give 'em the big end of the trade.

Marry young, and of circumstances require it, often.

Don't mortify the flesh too much; it wasn't the sores on Lasserus that sent him up to heaven.

If you itch for fain, go inter a graveyard, and scratch yourself agin a tombstone.

Philosophers tell us the world revolves on its own axis, and Josh Billings tells you that full half the folks on air think they are the axis.

N. B. These are proverbs have stood a hundred years, and ain't gittin' out yet.

A Hymn.—  
This is my youth, with hopes and dreams,  
How strange and shadowy it seems  
After those many years!  
Turning the pages idly, oh,  
I look with smiles upon the war,  
Upon the joy with tears!  
—Atlanta.

"I never," said Voltaire, "was ruled but twice; once when I gained a lawsuit, and once when I lost it."

A pretty poem, lately published, tells how a little girl in a Scotch kirk, weary of the minister's long prayer, stepped softly to his side and said, "O, sir, please say Amen!"

At a prayer meeting in Maine, a few days ago, one of the members prayed, "Lord—thou knowest that Charles Tompkins has sold poor boots to some of us. Make him do the fair thing."

A jockey at a fair, who had bargained with a countryman for a horse that happened to have a bald face, observed to the latter, that he "looked pale in the face." "Yes," said the country man; "and if you had looked through a 'halter' as long as he has, you would be 'pale in the face' too."

A person endeavored to prove to Dr. Johnson, that an atheist may be a man of good moral character. "Sir," said the doctor, "when a man rejects his allegiance to his great Creator, what has he to restrain him from the perpetration of crimes? If an atheist was to drink tea with me, I should look very carefully after my spoons."

There are seventy light-headed men in Congress. No unprejudiced mind can look down from the galleries upon that Lake Superior of absent hair without a feeling of regret that the absence is a thing with which the peculiar skill of the aborigines had nothing to do. [Louisville Courier Journal.]

An eccentric old fellow who lived alongside of a graveyard was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never jined places in my life with a set of neighbors who minded their own business so sidly as they do."

A preacher took upon a collection on Sunday, and found, when his hat was returned, that there wasn't a penny in it. "I thank my God," said he, turning the hat upside down, and tapping the crown of it with his hand, "that I had got my hat back from this congregation."

It is told of a young gentleman whom a lady liked, but her father didn't, that at a respectable hour the old gentleman mildly intimated that the time for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear sir," answered nineteenth century, modestly, "we have waited for over an hour for you to put yourself in your little bed." The father retired thoughtfully.

"Dear old Aunt Sarah," said a school-girl, "don't see very well, and last Sunday she was buzzing around getting ready for church, looking for umbrella, specs, overshoes, and last, not least, her prayer book. The latter she thought she had secured by grabbing something off her bureau at the last moment, but when she got to church it proved to be a musical box, and the old lady, in trying to find her place in this uncommon book of prayer, touched the spring, and it went off in fine style to the tune of 'O, Jim Along, Jim Along, Josey!'"

A SECRET organization exists in Cuba not less terrible than the famous "Thugs" of India. A few days ago five dead bodies were found in the street of Havana, each with a staly through the heart. Scarcely a morning passes that the ghastly traces of this secret body are not discovered. It is a terribly significant fact that in every instance the victim of midnight assassination has been a Spaniard, who was known to have been conspicuous in the horrible outrages that have been perpetrated upon the families of Cuban sympathizers and members of the Masonic fraternity.

When Henry the 8th was dying, he had recommended it to his executors to attempt, by every means in their power, to bring about the marriage of his son Edward and Mary, the young queen of Scots. In order to accomplish this purpose, the protector made war on Scotland, and published a long manifesto, stating the advantages that this match would produce to both kingdoms. Lord Hunter, however, smartly observed, that "he disliked not the match"—but hated the manner of wooing!